

HERE IS A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL WHO CAN FEEL ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.



Julia Einstein Puzzles the Doctors, for All Sense of Touch Has Gone, and When Any One Looks Hard at Her She Goes Into a Cataleptic Trance—And She Is Engaged to Be Married.

When a girl cannot differentiate between a kiss and a toothbrush, when a dog bite can pass muster for a hug and a black eye be accepted for a tender pressure of the hand, that girl can safely be called a curiosity.

This is exactly the case of Julia Einstein. She is engaged to be married, but it takes considerable evidence to assure her that she has been kissed or her sweetheart greets her. She cannot feel a hug—she cannot feel anything except a great weariness with her lot. She is in love, she says, but the doctors are puzzled to know how she became aware that her heart was touched, for the copper Indian on a penny could not be more impassive.

Perhaps if mere insensibility to bodily impressions were the sum of Julia's woes she might in the end attain happiness, but Fate, when that goddess took a direct interest in Julia's affairs, managed things very thoroughly. Julia, twenty-one years old, pretty and in love, cannot look into the eyes of the man she loves and see the message written there, for, if she does, she promptly goes into a cataleptic trance, and it takes four hours and three doctors to bring her around. Julia is a factory girl; her sweetheart is from the same class, and the impossibility of keeping three skilled physicians constantly on hand is therefore apparent. Obstinate parents and want of money have spoiled many a match, but the doctors say this is the first time on record that Nature, having equipped a young woman with the capacity for mental haze, has robbed her of all capability to experience its outward manifestations.

Blood Poisoning Began It. Seven years ago Julia Einstein, in rummaging through a closet, ran a rusty needle into the back of her hand. The wound was deep, but not at all painful, and after the usual household remedies had been applied it was left to heal. This is ostensibly refused to do, and a few days later evidences of blood poisoning exhibited themselves. From that time Julia Einstein has been an abnormal young woman. Little by little there came upon her an absolute insensibility of various parts of the body. First, her hands were affected. She would pick things up and drop them because she did not know they were still in her hand. As the insensibility progressed she had to be watched, for she had lost nature's great protector—the sense of pain. A knife might pass through her hand, and nothing but the sight of the blood would betray the fact of the girl's hot iron might burn her, but it took the odor of the scorching flesh to convey the idea to Julia.

From her hands the condition spread over the rest of her body, until to-day there is not a spot upon her in which any sensation can be aroused. Feathers may be passed down her throat, and she will not cough. A needle can be inserted into the eyeball, yet there is no evidence of feeling and no contraction or other change in the iris. All the textures that could be devised short of actual injury have been tried upon the girl in the hope of stimulating the lost sense, but it has all been in vain. She can't feel anything now.

Before these things developed at twelve years of age, Julia attracted the attention of Mr. Graft, a young clockmaker. In spite of her sense and the lack of sensibility in her finger tips, Julia was a handsome girl, and

knowing nothing of what was in store for her she accepted Max. He was interested in his sweetheart's troubles and suggested that she change her doctor. That was the beginning of many subsequent changes. Seven after surgeon has tried his skill upon that hand, but none has been so far that he really made it heal. Many times the wound has shown all the signs of healing, but then the scar has softened and the wound has become larger than ever. One surgeon suspected Julia of tampering with the bandages in order to keep up the interest in her case, and he wrote his name across the wrappings and sealed them up. It made no difference.

Normal in All Else. In every other respect Julia, all this time, was a perfectly normal girl. She ate, slept, worked and talked like any one else. Her pretty face lost none of its brightness and her figure none of its plumpness. Only the hand refused to heal and the loss of sensation was spreading.

Finally Julia was told that the only way to cure her and at the same time to stop the nervous reflex which was affecting her sense of feeling was to amputate the hand. Julia thereupon chimed doctors and came under the treatment of a man who decided that the only way to cure the girl's sore hand was to make her believe it was going to get well. With this end in view he looked at Julia fixedly and told her in a very positive tone that her hand was much better and would soon be healed.

Then that doctor got a surprise, for, as he spoke, Julia shivered, gave a deep sigh and went into a cataleptic trance which lasted four hours. That ended the hypnotic experiments as far as the doctor was concerned, but it didn't end it for Julia. On the next morning a young man admitted her pretty face and stared hard at her. Julia tried to wither the bold youth with a glance of disdain, but she went into another trance instead.

Next night Max called. He noticed his sweetheart's pulses and looked earnestly at her to see if she was sick. Two minutes later Julia was in a trance and Max was wildly seeking a doctor. After four hours she came out of the trance, but it was succeeded by a violent fit of hysterics, and there have been many attacks since. With this now trouble the girl's old affliction re-bubbled. The area of insensibility gradually spread until it involved even her lips, ears and tongue. Max was unrelenting in his attention, but he might as well have kissed a statue, for Julia could feel nothing.

Surprised the Doctors. In despair, at last, the girl went to the clinic at the New York Hospital, which is under the management of Dr. Charles E. Nammick. The doctor's assistant saw her first, and, looking at her rather closely, succeeded, much to his surprise, in sending her to a trance. Then he went to his chief and said:

"Doctor, there's a girl in the outer room you can hypnotize by just looking at her."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, and sent her for the girl.

While he listened to Julia's account of the case Dr. Nammick carefully refrained from looking her in the eye, but when she finished her story he looked at her and obtained the same result as his assistant. Reaching interested in the case, Dr. Nammick examined the girl more carefully, and subsequently presented her before the Academy of Medicine as the most complete case of hysterical anaesthesia on record. Dr. Nammick said yesterday:

"I cannot find in any book to which I have access any case exactly resembling this. In nearly every hysterical patient there is more or less surface insensibility,

but this is complete at every point. Insensibility of this kind is fairly common in patients who have been hypnotized, but in this case the anaesthesia prevails when the girl is wide awake and performing her usual avocations. There is little doubt that the inception of this peculiar affliction was the wound on her hand. Charcot, the French physician, describes cases somewhat like this under the title of 'grande hystérie,' but as far as I know this is the first case of the kind in this country."

I found I had to sell my house. For I could not afford to hold it; I tried a Journal "Want" and, then, Within a day or two I sold it.

ATLANTIC LEAGUE MEETS.

Watching the National Board of Arbitration at Philadelphia Very Closely.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8.—The directors of the Atlantic League Baseball Association held another brief meeting at the Hotel Hanover to-day, and adjournment was taken until to-morrow morning. One of the questions disposed of was the limiting of the number of "deadhead" tickets to be given out by the different clubs, complaint having been made that some of the clubs were too liberal in their issue of free passes to the games. It was learned, too, that the "seizure" of five of the Atlantic players by the Philadelphia Club to compensate that club for unpaid rent for the use of its ground was freely aired and was severely denounced by some of the delegates. It was claimed that the services of the players rightfully belong to the Atlantic League.

It is understood that the adjournment to to-morrow was for the purpose of keeping the delegates together so as to be in touch should the National League Board of Arbitration take any action inimical to the interests of the minor leagues in general and of the Atlantic League in particular.

BREWSTER CASE CONTINUED.

Trial of the Young Woman for Murder to Begin November 15.

Montpelier, Vt., Nov. 8.—The trial of Mildred Brewster for the murder of Annie Wheeler was postponed until November 15. An additional panel of thirty jurors was drawn to-day, and it is expected that still another panel will be necessary before a jury can be secured.

Miss Brewster has again been examined by experts as to her sanity, but the report of the examination has not yet been made public.

New Hall for School Board.

The Board of Estimate yesterday authorized the construction of a new hall for the Board of Education at Park avenue and Fifty-ninth street. About \$355,000 will be needed for the building and its equipment, the contract price for the building alone being \$244,000. The project has been on the calendar for more than seven years. The old building in Elm street can be sold for \$150,000 and this amount can be deducted from the cost of the new hall.

BELLEVUE DOCTOR SNARED BY CUPID.

Under Suspension Because He Tried to Kiss a Pretty Nurse.

NOT HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

Reprimanded Before for Naming a Prison Ward Waif for Matron Brennan.

A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food, For transient sport, blind will, Prudence, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

Dr. James A. Gardner, house physician at Bellevue Hospital and a general favorite in that big institution, is under suspension, pending an investigation by the Medical Board of charges preferred against him.

Back of this disciplinary mandate from the board is a story fit for the theme of an opera bouffe, with a cast including a handsome young medico, possessed of an over-weening sense of humor and a penchant for practical jokes; a prim, severe and eminently respectable matron; a coy and pretty young nurse; a coolie infant, born in the prison ward of the hospital; a benign but indignant minister; a stern, business-like superintendent; and the august members of the hospital Medical Board.

The first and second acts have been played; the third remains to be enacted when the Medical Board reassembles next week. Dr. Gardner's suspension marks the interval between the second and third acts. The curtain rose in March last on a scene in which the prison ward at Bellevue Hospital formed the background. A child was being christened, a little girl waif, the first ever born in the prison ward. The Rev. Henry St. George Young, Protestant Episcopal chaplain of the hospital, was blessing the infant and young Dr. Gardner, tall and fair as Apollo, was acting as its godfather.

Cribbed a Name for Baby.

"There came to the hospital on January 27," explained Dr. Gardner, "a woman who had been arrested for the charge of disorderly conduct, and who when arraigned in Jefferson Market Court, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In default of \$200 but she gave her name as Gilbert Mohr, her age as twenty-nine, and her place of birth the West Indies. She said she was a mother and she was sent here and placed under my care. This is her child."

"What shall I name it?" asked the chaplain of the mother.

Dr. Gardner replied for her. "She wishes the baby named Agnes Brennan," he said. "In honor of my mother."

Without giving the matter a second thought the minister christened the infant as the physician suggested and left. Miss Brennan, the matron of the hospital and directress of the Nurses' Training School, was in the West at the time, absent on a vacation trip. When she returned and learned of the christening she was not slow in expressing a sense of outrage and what she considered an indignity. She and Dr. Gardner had not been on the best of terms, and this act, which he seemed to regard as a good joke, she denounced as ungentlemanly.

She reported Dr. Gardner to the Medical Board. Dr. Young washed his hands of the matter, and Dr. Gardner, in turn, wrote Dr. Gardner a note, in the course of which he said:

"While this breach of the rules and regulations of this hospital, if entered into with the right spirit, at the same time it is a humorous incident, and I am sure it is rumored that you so named the child with malice aforethought; and it such be the case, must be a deadly sin."

The second act has been concluded. It is rumored that you so named the child with malice aforethought; and it such be the case, must be a deadly sin. The third act yet remains to be enacted when the Medical Board reassembles next week.

Tried to Crib a Kiss. With this reprimand the matter was dropped and the curtain fell on the first act. Since then Miss Brennan and Dr. Gardner have not spoken as they passed, and the fires of the old feud, though smoldering, are still alive.

The second act has been concluded. It is rumored that you so named the child with malice aforethought; and it such be the case, must be a deadly sin. The third act yet remains to be enacted when the Medical Board reassembles next week.

Dr. Gardner is a member of a wealthy and most estimable family. His period of service at the hospital, covering two years, would have expired on January 1.

See the "Want" Pages

to-day's Journal. If you want real estate, a house, a flat, a room or board you have many desirable offers to select from.

Murderer Metz Sentenced. Philip Metz, who murdered his mistress, Dora Stanley, in East Seventeenth street, last March, in a fit of jealous rage, was yesterday sentenced by Recorder Goff to nineteen years' imprisonment in Sing Sing. Metz was formerly a foreman in the Public Works Department. Immediately after the murder he fled, but was captured in Newark, N. J. He was indicted for murder, but Recorder Goff accepted a plea of guilty to the charge of manslaughter.

BLIND PEDLER IN CUSTODY AGAIN.

He Is Charged This Time with Strangling Alice Brown.

NEW EVIDENCE FOUND.

Upon Police Recommendation McMillan, the Other Suspect, Is Set at Liberty.

Boston, Nov. 8.—The police have again arrested William Leavitt, the blind song pedler. He is now charged with the murder of Alice Brown, who was found strangled in her room, at No. 15 Corning street, last Friday morning.

Leavitt was formerly arrested as a suspect. He went through an examination by the police and they were obliged to let him go free, owing to a lack of evidence.

Leavitt was taken to Police Station No. 4 about 5 o'clock this afternoon. There he was put through a severe examination by Captain Warren. He contradicted many of his previous statements, notably that he was a former New York policeman. Instead, he said he had been employed by Inspector Byrnes as a stool pigeon, but even this is doubted by Captain Warren. Under the severe fire of cross questions by the detectives who were in the room, Leavitt finally admitted that he had made a mistake in some of the stories he had told, but explained that he had been so confused by the accusations made against him in the Corning street house that sometimes he was nonplussed as to what to say. He stoutly maintained his innocence, however, and protested that no person could prove him guilty of the crime.

"You're under arrest," said Captain Warren, "on the charge of murder."

"I'm not guilty," said the prisoner with the same bravado he has all along maintained. Two detectives led him away to a cell, Leavitt protesting all the way that "it was a shame to lock up an innocent man."

"I have every belief that Leavitt is guilty of the murder. I have a witness who will prove pretty near proving him the murderer when the case is presented in court to-morrow morning. Leavitt has done time before in New York, but only for minor offenses. It is not likely that he will escape this charge, for I have some powerful evidence against him."

Shortly after Leavitt was placed in a cell he stretched himself on the board bench and went to sleep as though nothing unusual had happened. He is about thirty-three years of age, of powerful physique, is well educated, has travelled over Europe and has been in nearly every city in the United States.

What Leavitt Said. The first person who conveyed the news of Alice Brown's death to Leavitt was Mrs. Curran, who lives in the house where the murder was committed. She has avoided talking on the matter, but to-day consented to tell what she knew of the case. Leavitt was in the downstairs hallway about 8 o'clock on the morning Alice was found dead. Did you hear the news, Leavitt? "What is it," he replied. "Alice has been killed," I said.

Then Mrs. Curran, rising from her seat, turned his back on her, and placing his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat, exclaimed excitedly, "I wonder at Leavitt, I expected it a week ago."

Another woman, who has not hitherto figured in the case, but who knew Alice and Leavitt well, is a Mrs. Mary Williams. She lives on Corning street, not far from the house of the tragedy.

"I was a solid," said old McMillan, "and both Leavitt and the girl, or the woman, Leavitt seemed to be the most excited. I met Leavitt on Saturday evening at her murder, and I am inclined to believe that Leavitt became jealous."

McMillan Is Set Free.

Mrs. Hard, who keeps the house at No. 15 Corning street, says that yesterday Leavitt requested her to read an account of the case to him which was printed in a morning paper.

"On my way to have seen him," said Mrs. Hard, "he was reading the article he twisted about in his chair, and I never saw any person so much excited."

The man McMillan was released from custody to-day, the police stating that they had no evidence against him. The police are now looking for a man of tall height, wearing a blue overcoat and of light complexion. A man answering this description was followed to a lodging house at No. 129 E. 10th street on Saturday evening. He was accompanied by a woman and registered as "E. Bailey and wife." The following was overheard by a man on the next room:

"How could you ever do it, Fred?" said the woman. "I told you you have nothing to do with her. You know you'll be accused."

Then in a subdued tone she insisted that her companion leave the city, and promised that she would get the money in the morning whereby he could quit town.

KELLEY'S TRIAL BEGINS.

The Self-Confessed Slayer of Cashier Stickney Arraigned at Dover.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 8.—Joseph E. Kelly, the self-confessed murderer of Cashier Joseph A. Stickney, at Somersworth, on April 16 last, was placed on trial in the Supreme Court for Strafford County here to-day. The day was taken up in impeaching the jury, the twelve men being accepted shortly after 4 o'clock.

The remainder of the afternoon was taken up in the opening of the case for the State. County Solicitor Nason, who informed the jury that the State expects to prove the truth of the allegation set forth in the indictment, which charged Kelly with the murder of Joseph A. Stickney with a black-jack and a razor, and that it was deliberate and premeditated murder.

An Innovation. appreciated by all interested in real estate is the Journal's directory of real estate auction sales, which may be found on to-day's "want" pages. Cut it out!

MAY LOVE AND CHANGE HER FAITH DESPITE HER FATHER



Clara Damyanovics, Who Has Caused a Religious War.

Brought up a Hebrew, she married a Christian, and will embrace his faith. Her father, after a long series of persecutions, had her taken before Chancellor McGill on a writ of habeas corpus, alleging that she was only fourteen years old. The writ was dismissed after the rival factions had had a fight in the Court House in Jersey City, and Clara went home with her husband.

The Law Will Not Aid Mayer to Separate His Daughter from Her Husband and to Prevent Her from Becoming a Christian.

Clara Mayer, brought up by her parents at Phoenixville, Pa., in the strict tenets of the Jewish faith, eloped to New York with John Damyanovics, a Slavonian Catholic, married him and announced her intention of renouncing the faith of her fathers for that of her husband. After many persecutions and futile prosecutions her father obtained a writ of habeas corpus, demanding that she be given into his custody, because she is less than fifteen years old. Clara, asserting that she is eighteen, insisted on remaining with her husband, and Chancellor McGill, of New Jersey, dismissed the writ. The matter has caused intense excitement among the Slavonians and Hebrews of Bayonne, where the young couple live, and this broke out in the Court House yesterday when the rival factions came to blows.

"His God is my God; his life is my life!" With these solemn words, uttered in a voice that seemed to spread a more than human lustre over her youthful face, the girl-wife of John Damyanovics testified to her intention of abandoning father and faith, and changing to her husband, though the enraged members of her family, her race and her creed threatened her with all the perils and punishments of this world and the world to come.

Chancellor McGill, of the Chancery Court of New Jersey, bowed his venerable head in silence and thought long before he pronounced the decree which was awaited with beating hearts and eager ears by a dozen people. When he spoke at last, it was to give victory to love, in accordance with the words of the Holy Spirit:

"This girl is a woman, not a child," he said, weighing every word. "I find that she is under no restraint. Therefore I allow her to go with the husband she has chosen of free will and with full understanding of what she was doing."

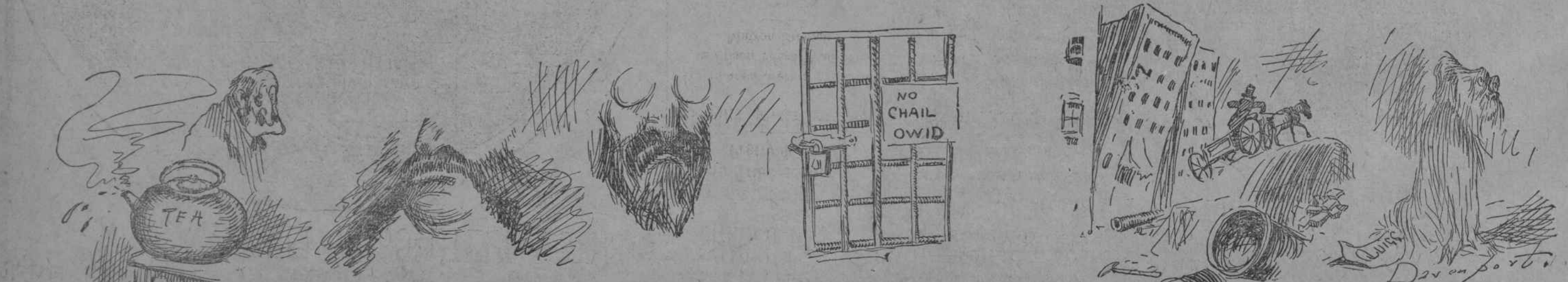
Clara Damyanovics and her husband, who had been persecuting him for so many weeks, and who had now added injury to insult. Slaves and Hebrews were equally ready to support the champion of their nationality, and for a time it looked as if the two warring factions would annihilate each other before their case could come before the court. But words smelling of sulphur. Happily the women interfered, and the men were dragged apart.

A Mother's Rage. During the pause that followed the mother of the girl ran from one to another in the little group of outsiders who were watching the show.

"Shut dink ov id," she repeated to each one of them; "meln daughter marry a dirty Polack-buhn!"

WHAT DO YOU WANT? Three of a Kind! The Journal's Gain in "Wants" 14,577 last month, 3,454 last week, 1,232 yesterday. Over corresponding day, week and month last year. The Best Records!

Advertise It in the Journal.



SOME THINGS WHICH FATHER KNICKERBOCKER SHALL MISS WHEN THE REFORM SHOW LEAVES THE CITY.